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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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From Walton's Daily.

SERENADE.

Maiden sweet,
At thy feet
I bow;
Thee I own
I love alone.
Just now,
Purer far
Than night's star,
Art thou;
Golden hair,
High and fair
White brow.

Lips dyed red
With hearts that bleed
For thee;
Bird-like voice,—
All hearts rejoice
In thee.

Eyes of blue,
Heaven's own hue,
Are thine;
Fairy feet—
Oh, my sweet;
Be mine.

JAMES AUGUSTE FITZ QUISHIE,
Winoski Valley.

Correspondence of the Republican.

DUNN BROWNE SPEAKS OF AND TO THE CONSCRIPTS.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, July 27th, 1863.
THE DRAFT AND THE DRAFTED.

Dear Republican:—I see the draft is going forward on the whole perhaps as well as was to be expected throughout the North, seeing you couldn't quite muster up courage and decision enough to hang a couple of Seymours and Fernando Wood as an appropriate preliminary measure. If they had been promptly suspended at the outset, say on a brilliantly illuminated gallows, to form a grand closing piece at the fire works 4th of July night, the draft needn't have been suspended a single day in New York city or elsewhere. Not that I am in favor of a draft myself at this late period of the war. It would have been the most fair and righteous way to have obtained our soldiers in the first place, would have been submitted to quietly, and would have saved the vast sums lavished in extravagant and unequal bounties and the injustice done to those who did not receive any. But now I foresee many difficulties and much friction in the carrying out of the plan. The difficulty of getting the men into the field will be very great and the loss by desertion large. There will be very much ill feeling bred between the old soldiers of the various regiments and the new ones brought in to fill up their ranks. The cry of "conscripts" will be the greeting of the new men from the mischief-makers in our ranks. The old soldiers will want all the promotions and the new will be and will think themselves entitled to their share. And in many respects it will need the greatest care and prudence on the part of the officers and all concerned to prevent collisions and keep matters smooth and pleasant. I say this not as a foreboder of evil, but as referring to a practical matter that may, if foreseen, be in a great measure guarded against. There is no good reason why these new recruits should not come joyfully and gratefully to the service of their country in this final and doubtless brief struggle to end the war and establish the authority of the government. Nor any reason why they should not be fraternally welcomed. The hardest of the work is undoubtedly done, even though the contest should yet be considerably prolonged. The power of the rebellion is broken; its resources nearly exhausted; the success of our armies certain and not far off. The hardships to be endured now are not so great as they have been. The unnecessary annoyances and privations caused by the blunders of green commanders, and of course lessened, with the experience required. There is the opportunity of doing valuable service to one's country and of getting the glory of finishing up the war, of being in at the death of the rebellion. It is the ones that complete the job that get the credit.

A PRESSING INVITATION.

Come on then, my brave friends who have hitherto been kept at home by the pressure of other important avocations, come and spend a few months in getting an experience that will be of the greatest value to you for the whole remainder of your life. Come, editors and professors, merchants, armors, clergyman, mechanics, farmers, legislators, office-holders, lawyers, clerks and everybody. Save your \$300 and wreath your brow with

military laurels; wear Uncle Sam's brilliant uniform, eat his bounteous rations and put his beautiful greenbacks in your pocket. Come out and fall into the ranks with us and get familiar with your facings and your wheelings and your "shoulder arms" and your "charge bayonets." If you do your duty manfully we'll make you corporals—we'll raise you to the dignity of commissioned officer—yes, you may yet get to be brigadiers if the rebellion be not to hastily crushed. We'll give you, on the whole, a soldierly welcome, and thank you for filling our thinned ranks, and the memory of our brave brothers who have fallen on many bloody fields will endear you to us who stand in their places. You will bring to us the fragrance of home and friends, the fresh zeal of northern patriotism and courage; and we will lend to you the benefit of our experience and the steady valor and confidence acquired and proved on many battle fields. You can make us, wearied veterans, twice as valuable by imparting to us your ardor, and we can make you twice as valuable by imparting to you our steadiness and experience. And we'll soon go home together, rejoicing in a saved country, found to be tenfold more prosperous than before, with a flag waving over our heads that henceforth neither home traitors nor foreign foes shall dare to insult, and a 4th of July to celebrate, on which children and children's children shall name us with the same honor that we have been accustomed to name the glorious fathers of our republic. Yes, come on, even copperheads, and if there is the least spark of true patriotism left in your withered breasts, we'll kindle it with the snap of percussion caps into a healthy flame, and brace up your system with wholesome tonic of whistling bullets and bursting shells till we can send you home recovered and in your right minds; with a leg or an arm less than now, perhaps, but what there is left at least loyal and not a nuisance and disgrace to the community.

ARMY MATTERS.

I haven't any special army news for you. We have now succeeded, in three weeks hard, incessant labor, such marching and countermarching as no army during the war has done before, in losing all the advantage in position and other respects that we had over the enemy on the 4th of July. We are not rusting away in inaction, that is some comfort. We are here, there and everywhere, putting ourselves in the way of being attacked by the enemy. If he will only be fool enough to attack us, as at Gettysburg, we shall utterly destroy him, that is if he continues to attack us long enough and often enough. Let us hope he will. Great is Meade. But the Napoleon hasn't risen yet. We make gods of our generals or curse them as fools. Gen. Meade is a good general. The army is satisfied with him on the whole, thinks that he has undoubtedly erred on the side of too much caution ever since Gettysburg, but believes in him as a competent, faithful, patriotic officer, of very fair abilities and good moral character, which is a great deal to expect of a general—a very great deal. Don't let us be unreasonable.

Yours truly, DUNN BROWNE.

EXPLOIT OF A HERO.

"Dunn Browne," in the Springfield Republican, thus describes a scene in the battle of Gettysburg:

To show you that all the gallant and chivalric exploits are not confined to the history of ancient battles, to the knight-errant and feudal times, I am going to tell you of one little incident of the late battle which I know you will thank me for relating, and for the truth of which you may put me down as authority. There was a huge barn right in the track of that desperate charge of the enemy on the 3d, whose blackened brick walls are doubtless remembered by every visitor of the battle field as one of its most prominent objects. It is the same barn which a part of the 12th New Jersey charged and carried in gallant style on the evening of the 2d, capturing therein 97 prisoners, and at another time two companies of the 14th Connecticut, also with a similar result but not so many prisoners. Indeed it was on the debatable ground between the two

armies, and the scene of many a sharp conflict between the advancing and receding pickets, where not a few noble fellows breathed out their lives during the three bloody days. The incident I speak of occurred on the afternoon of the 2d. The skirmishers were firing very briskly and those of the enemy, heavily reinforced, were pressing our line back. Eight or ten of our boys were holding the barn, but the enemy's line had come up even with it and more, and it was evident that our little party must fall back and let the butternuts gain the advantageous position of harassing us. The Col. in command of the 2d brigade, 3d division, 2d army corps, called for an officer to volunteer to go down to the line and order our boys to fire the barn before retiring. Quick as thought my hero put spurs to his steed (most men would have crawled down on foot to a front where bullets were buzzing as they were there at that time) and dashed down the slope with at least fifty skirmishers practising on him as a target. Right up to the barn he charged (which I have told you was flush with and even a little beyond the enemy's line of skirmishers coolly delivered his message, and then turned and rode back to our lines, exposed to a redoubled fire. At the surprise of the rebels at his coming was over, they had time to prepare and take deliberate aim from both sides. Miraculously not one of the hundred bullets that whistled near him touched either rider or horse. On reaching our lines (though by no means out of range of the balls) he reined his horse round, waved his hat in the air and made a graceful bow to the unseen marksmen, who, I really don't believe, were sorry to see him escape unharmed. To make the thing complete, our noble Gen. Hancock and several other generals were at that time passing that part of the lines, saw the gallant deed done, and the general lifted his hat in honor of the brave soldier who at that moment rode up. I have told you the story and now I tell you the name of the hero—Capt Postles of the 1st Delaware, acting inspector general of the 2d brigade of our division. Many more brave deeds may be lived to perform and escape as fortunately. I heard a practical man say that it was a foolish thing to do; that the captain might as well have effected his object by going down cautiously on foot, &c., &c. Away with such practical notions. The example of such a dashing deed as this and scores of other similar ones I might mention, is of a worth inestimable in an army. It is by such a high spirit of courage, such a scorn of danger, that the tones of an army is to be kept up. I tell you soldiers in a trying hour will follow such a man as that wherever it is necessary to go, and it is positively necessary sometimes to go into very dangerous places indeed to gain battles.

Correspondence of Boston Transcript.
A VISIT TO MOUNT MANSFIELD.

Your correspondent has obtained an unexpected eminence. On my way to the lakes a traveler discoursed about "Mount Mansfield" with so eloquent a tongue as to divert me for a day from my westward course. The highest peak in the Green Mountains is said to be second only to Mt. Washington. If your 4th of July recollection, when about twenty times the height of Bunker Hill monument, had floated off at the level of that altitude to the north and west with a brisk wind, in an hour or two he might have stepped from his aerial car onto our door-step, hitched his balloon on the "chin" of Mt. Mansfield, and dined sumptuously with us at the hospitable Summit House. Refreshed by a night's repose in this keen exhilarating mountain air, he could greet the morning sun rising beyond the ocean of mountain tops, and enjoy one of the grandest and most extensive views to be found in that blessed part of the Creator's "foot-stool" called New England.

On the west are the Adirondacks, more to the north the waters of Champlain, with a silvery thread of light; on the north and the south, the Green Mountain range, of which this is the greatest elevation, bounds the horizon; on the northwest, Montreal mountain shows the region of the St. Lawrence, and sixty miles distant, on the east, Mount Washington rises in solitary grandeur.

Science will soon claim as her home, as the title to the property has been acquired by the University of Vermont, for the erection of an Observatory.

The panorama is probably unequalled in New England. It has not the chaotic sublimity of the White Mountains, but the grand and the beautiful are here singularly commingled. Far beneath lie the hamlets strung together by the threads of roads, in which the travelers seem dwindled into Lilliputian littleness. In every village you can distinguish the stereotyped New England school-house and meeting-house, the bulwarks of the Republic. From such as these came Stark, Ethan Allen, and Webster, and hosts of great men.

If the aeronaut, satisfied with this bird's-eye view of this "Switzerland of America," enjoyed not from the cradle of his balloon, but from the solid footing of the mountain, will descend from this perch in the clouds, by a safer way than became we will mount the well-trained animals and dive them a free rein down the romantic briar path through the shade of deep woods. On either side delicate flowers are scattered with a lavish hand. From the summit to the base all is covered with a rich foliage. On our left is a tremendous mountain gorge, with its magnificent primeval forests never yet bowing to the axe. The path, sometimes rocky, now under fallen trees, now down steep slopes which the patient, careful, animals safely passes ends at the half-way house, and now the drive down to the base is in a comfortable carriage, through open delightful scenery to Stowe, where we shall linger about the mild beauty and exquisite scenery of Moss Glen Falls.

On the road from Stowe, and about 4 miles from Waterbury, at a turn of the road, is a view of surpassing interest and loveliness, which needs only to catch Champney's eye to be transferred to Canvas—Bruce, the driver, will remember the spot.

Leaving the mountain regions of Vermont, we follow the water courses, which indicate to the engineer the route for the iron-horse, threading our way through the valleys dotted with villages and hamlets, bordered with the forests, passing through Manchester and Lowell, the cities of spindles, and along the banks of Whittier's beautiful Merrimac, we reached home again. I am now bound to Lake Superior.

VIATOR.

HOW MORGAN GOT 300 HORSES.

John Morgan is as good at playing a joke sometimes as he is at horse-stealing, and the following incident will prove that on this occasion he did a little of both at the same time. During his celebrated tour through Indiana, he with about three hundred fifty gaudy fellows, took occasion to pay a visit to a little town hard by while the main body were "marching on." Dashing suddenly into the little "burg," he found about three hundred home guards, each having a good horse tied to the fences—the men standing about in groups, awaiting orders from their aged captain, who looked as if he had seen the shady side of some sixty years. The Hoosier boys looked at the men with astonishment, while the captain went up and asked:

"Whose company is this?"
"Wolford's cavalry," said the reb.
"What! Kentucky boys! We're glad to see you boys. What's Wolford?"
"There he sits," said a ragged, rough reb, pointing to Morgan who was sitting sideways upon his horse.

The captain walked up to Wolford (as he and all thought) and saluted him—
"Captain, how are you?"

"Bully! How are you? What are you going to do with all these men and horses?" Morgan looked about.

"Well, you see that d—d horse thief, John Morgan is in this part of the country with a passel of cut-throats and thieves, and between you and I, if he comes this way, cap'n, we'll give him the best we've got in the shop."

"He's hard to catch; we've been after him for fourteen days and can't see him at all," said Morgan good humoredly.

"Ef our horses would stand fire we'd be all right."

"Won't they stand?"

"No, Captain Wolford; s'pose while you're restin' you and your company put your saddles on our horses and go through a little evolution or two, by way of a lesson to our boys. I'm told you're a hoos on the drill!"

And the only man Morgan was afraid of, Wolford (as it were), alighted and ordered "his boys" to dismount, as wanted to show the Hoosier boys, how to give Morgan a warm reception should he chance to pay them a visit. This delighted the Hoosier boys, so they went to work and assisted the men to tie their old, weary, worn out bones to the fences, and place their saddles on the backs of their fresh horses, which was soon done, and the men were in their saddles, drawn up in line and ready for the word. The boys were highly elated at the idea of having their "pet horses" trained for them by Wolford and his men, and more so to think that they would stand fire ever afterwards.

The old captain advanced, and walking up to Morgan, said: "Captain, are you all right now?" Wolford rode up on one side of the column and down the other, when he moved to the front, took off his hat, paused and said, "Now, captain, I am ready; if you and your gallant men wish to witness an evolution which you perhaps have never seen, firm a line on each side of the road, and watch us closely as we pass." The captain did as he was directed. A lot of ladies were present on this occasion, and all was silent as a maiden's sigh.

"Are you ready?"
"All right, Wolford," shouted the captain.

"Forward!" shouted Morgan, as the whole column rushed through the crowd with lightning speed, amid the shouts and huzzas of every one present—some leading a horse or two as they went, leaving their frail tenements of horse flesh tied to the fences, to be provided for by the citizens. It soon became whispered about that it was Morgan and his gang, and there is not a man in the town that will "own up" that he was gulled out of a horse. The company disbanded that night though the captain holds the horses as prisoners of war, and awaits an exchange.

—Louisville Democrat.

The following is from "The Cavalier," published at Yorktown, Va., Aug. 3d. All who have friends in the 9th Regiment will read it with interest:—

"On Saturday last, the order prohibiting the sale of spirituous and malt liquors to enlisted men went into effect in Yorktown. The bad quality of the water in the Fort caused porter and ale to be used here pretty extensively as a substitute, and as the supply from Baltimore was scarcely equal to the demand, it was seldom permitted to attain to a sufficient age to be a wholesome beverage. The more cooling drinks now supplied to soldiers, such as lemonade, mineral water, sarsaparilla, etc., will, it is thought, be more conducive to the health of the men, or if these are not relished, a sufficient quantity of ice may be purchased for the same amount of money that a couple of glasses of the exploded beverage have cost to make the water palatable. The ration of whiskey now furnished by the commissary department, will be found to supply all the stimulant necessary to health, and will prove quite a consolation to those who love their beer. Regular authorized regimental sutlers, we believe are still permitted to sell malt liquors in small quantities to commissioned officers, and we would recommend those who wish a good glass to go to the 9th Vermont, who can supply an article of stock ale that cannot be beaten anywhere."

"During the past month the health of the troops in and about Yorktown has been exceedingly bad. One regiment yesterday reported but two lieutenants for duty, and three hundred and sixteen men were returned on the sick-list. The late movement up the Peninsula seems to have sown the seeds of disease among the men to an alarming extent, and the frequent rains of the last few weeks have done their part in producing the fevers so prevalent on the swampy soil of this narrow neck of land. Every effort is being made to check the growing ill health, and

our physicians are untiring in their labors to combat the fell destroyer. Prophylactics against camp diseases are being freely administered, and wherever practicable, the causes of sickness are promptly removed. So far there have been but few deaths in comparison with the number sick, the hardy constitutions of the soldiers, together with the excellent skill with which they are treated, overcoming, in most cases, the fatality of the disease."

HUCKLEBERRIES.

People generally know but little of the quantities of this fruit gathered and sent away daily from this county. While at the Altona depot, one day this week, we had an opportunity of noticing and learning what a trade is carried on at that one point. An agent who has been there about three weeks, purchasing, informed us that he was sending away daily from fifty to sixty bushels. They are consigned to traders in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and other western cities. The fruit is found up on the Flat Rock, and never was there known to be a more bountiful crop and one of better quality.

Large quantities are also shipped from other points on the line of the railroad.

On the plains near the village, too, probably nearly as many are gathered as at Altona and shipped South and East. The quality, however, is inferior to that of the berries gathered upon the Flat Rock.

It is probable that not less than two hundred bushels are daily shipped from this county, which, at one dollar per bushel, will amount to a large sum during the season. They are principally gathered by poor men, women and children who make very fair wages at the business.—Plattsburgh Express.

MARRIAGES.—For the benefit of all concerned we publish Sec. 5, and 14, of chap. 69, of the General Statutes of Vermont, recently published and taking effect Aug. 1.

Sec. 5. Previous to any marriage being solemnized between any two persons, the intention of such marriage shall be published in some public meeting in the respective towns in which the parties ordinarily reside, by a minister of the gospel or the town clerk of such towns, at least eight days before such intended marriage; or such intention shall be posted at some public place in such towns, in fair writing, and signed by the minister, town clerk, or in their absence, by some justice of the peace, at least twelve days before such intended marriage.

Sec. 14. If any justice of the peace or minister shall join any persons in marriage, contrary to the provisions of this chapter, he shall upon conviction thereof, forfeit a sum not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, to the use of the town in which such offence is committed, to be recovered on complaint of the grand juror of said town; and any grand juror neglecting or refusing to prosecute any such offence on complaint entered by any citizen of said town, shall, on conviction thereof, forfeit and pay to the use of said town the sum of ten dollars for every such offence.

A GOOD JOKE.—One day last week a "seller and his gal" called on a Justice at Derby line, to get harnessed for better or worse. After certain preliminaries, the question was asked, if any one objected to the marriage, when the attorney who was officiating as secretary, objected, saying that a few days ago the same magistrate had married the same fellow to another gal, and that furthermore he was guilty of felony, and one or two other discreditable charges; whereupon, the door being open, the chap darted out and was in Canada in two minutes, leaving the would-be bride in the lurch.—News.

WORTHY IMITATION.—The patriotic little children of Plainfield, imitating the noble example of the scholars in Philadelphia, brought each a present for the sick and wounded soldiers, on the last day of school. This demonstrates the teachings of patriotic benevolence, and tells well for the children.—Walton's Daily.